

Frank Sinatra

"The Girls I Never Kissed"

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The old wolf sniffs the summer breeze
And dreams about his youth
For the sight of skirts above the knees
Turns his hardboiled brain to tears

And the scent of honey in the tree
Whets an old sweet tooth
The pretty girls go strolling by
I smile at them and heave a sigh

And think of all the things I've missed
And all the pretty girls I've never kissed
They smile from field of daffodils
They wave from high and windy hills

In secret places by the sea
The girls I've never kissed still wait for me
All the girls whose names I can't recall
Their faces haunt me still

All the pretty girls I've never kissed
And never will
The girls of spring, the girls of fall
The girls of summer most of all

If only time did not exist
If only I could catch that boat I always missed
I'd go back and kiss
All the pretty girls I've never kissed

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